Qu. Say then who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?
Qu. How canſt thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were beſt aquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometimes *Margret*
Did to thy Father, a handkercheffe ſteept in *Rutlands* blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncle *Riuers*, yea, and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchace with ſtill laſting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. but how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end,
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loths ſuch ſoueraingtie.

King.

King. Be eloquent in my
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds
King. Then in plaine tear
Qu. Plaine and not Hone
King. Madam your reaſo
Qu. O no my reaſons are
Too deepe and dead poore
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till
King. Now by my Georg
Qu. Prophain'd, diſhound
King. I ſwere by nothing
Qu. By nothing for this i
The George prophain'd, h
The Garter blemiſht, paw
The Crowne vſurpt diſgra
If nothing thou wilt ſwere
Sweare then by ſomething
King. Now, by the wor
Qu. Tis full of thy foule
King. My Fathers death
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe
King. Why then by God
Qu. Gods wrong is mo
If thou hadſt fear'd, to bre
The vnity the King thy b
Had not beene broken, n
If thou hadſt feard to bre
The Imperiall metrall cir
Had grac't the tender tem
And both the Princes had
Which now two tender
Thy broken faith hath m
King. By the time to co
Qu. That thou haſt wro
For I my ſelfe haue many
Hereafter time for time,
The children liue, whoſe

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